television. It was like a turkey shoot. It was like Vietnam all over again."

Ed Miles reached for his cane and pushed himself out of his chair. He stood silently in the door for a minute before he said: "Sometimes I get to thinking how much killing there's been the last few years. I was eighteen when President Kennedy was killed and I don't remember much killing up until that time in my life. It seems that ever since there's . . . there's been so much killing. So much we don't seem to feel it any more. It didn't take long to forget those kids at Kent State. I can't even remember their names now. Nobody pays any attention to the body counts from Vietnam anymore. Killing's bad enough by itself. When you get where you're hardened to it . . ."

He shook his head and moved slowly down the corridor toward his wife.

Richmond, Indiana

There are veterans who disagree with Ed Miles about the war in Vietnam. One can find them in any city in the country. I especially wanted to talk to veterans in Richmond, Indiana, where the principles of the American Legion are as deeply rooted as, say, the oil depletion allowance in Texas.

To get there I flew from Hartford to Columbus, Ohio, and drove in a rented car west on Highway 40 through farmlands and past glens deep in summer green. This is the old Wilderness Trail, along which the wagon trains moved west; in the surrounding bottomlands of the Great Miami Valley of western Ohio men hacked farms from wild growth and guarded their families against human marauders and their cattle against wolves. The countryside now was so pleasant, the small towns were so unobtrusive, and the traffic was so infrequent that I suddenly

realized I had been driving on the wrong side of the road.

In the village of Brighton I spotted two boys with .22 rifles riding their bicycles toward the country. Their hair was close-cropped and their faces were tanned from the spring wind and the hot June sun. They waved as I passed. I responded only perfunctorily, for the closer I drew to Richmond, the more I fastened upon the details of my first visit eight years before.

I had come in 1962 to refute charges that the Peace Corps had been infiltrated by Communist provocateurs, charges which the American Legion in Richmond was circulating with considerable attention from the Midwestern press. Having sought an audience before which I could face our accusers, I went to Richmond for the confrontation in a Legion hall. There were at least two hundred men present that evening and they were not in the mood to tolerate the supplications of a twenty-eight-year-old bureaucrat from Washington. "He don't even look old enough to recognize a Communist, much less fight 'em," one man said. Several veterans hooted and hissed and laughed as I spoke, and one huge man with a broad forehead descending down a concave face into a long narrow chin kept picking his nose and flicking the fruits of his labor at my feet. He thought me impudent when I stopped in the middle of a sentence and offered him my handkerchief, and the next thing I knew he seemed about to exchange blows with someone across the room, God bless his soul, who defended my right to speak and tried to quiet the audience. I was scared. Deciding that not even J. Edgar Hoover could convince them of the Peace Corps's purity, I left. Driving away, I could still hear shouts and curses as my beleaguered defender, whose name I did not know, joined my own private list of heroes and martyrs.

I always wanted to return. For some reason the conversation with Captain Miles whetted my curiosity about the attitudes of the veterans in Richmond: had the older men changed? Did their own young men back from Vietnam feel any different? I would find out.

Richmond is an attractive community of forty-four thousand people. As I returned this time I noted just how tidy a place it is. The Wilderness Trail ran through here and people are proud of the heritage. In a park on the

edge of town is a monument, "Madonna of the Trail," with a pioneer mother holding one child in her arms, a boy of seven or eight clutching her skirts, and her other hand on a long-stemmed rifle. The grass in the park receives careful attention. A sign advises: "Please drive with care. Our squirrels can't tell one nut from another." The exceedingly polite policeman who gave me directions was wearing an American flag on his right shoulder; I would see more flags in front of the service stations, banks, and houses of Richmond than anywhere else on my journey. The place also seemed gentler than it did when I was here eight years ago, although I might have been deceiving myself; a reporter for the local newspaper would tell me yes, he thinks something happened to the psychology of the community when a thousand pounds of black powder exploded in the basement of a Main Street gun shop a few years ago and killed forty-one people. "It is still conservative," he says, "but the people don't seem as mean any more." The high school is integrated and racial tensions flare up from time to time; but the most difficult problems of adjustment, I was told, are being experienced by poor Appalachian whites who have come here looking for work.

The Harry Ray American Legion Post 65 occupies a one-story building on Sixth Street, several blocks from the scene of the earlier imbroglio. I considered this change to be a good augury.

Downstairs in a dimly lighted bar and game room I inquired of four men playing cards as to the whereabouts of Robert Kimbrough, the post commander. Without looking up one of the men motioned with his thumb to a small office behind the stairs. There Bob Kimbrough worked at his desk, making final arrangements for the big Fourth of July celebration to which the post would contribute the fireworks, if someone named Homer, to whom he was talking on the telephone, could raise another $600 in the next few days.

Kimbrough cradled the telephone and greeted me earnestly but unsmilingly. He is forty-nine, of medium build, with short black hair, a round and open face, and a slight childhood scar on his right cheek ("My war injuries are where I had better not expose them," he said). A small American flag decorates the clip that attaches his pen to

the pocket of his white short-sleeve shirt. He served in France in World War II and is a realtor in Richmond. His four children are twenty-one, sixteen, fourteen, and eleven. I asked him if there is a generation gap at home and he answered, "Generation gap? No, my kids think violence is asinine. As far as young people speakin' their piece, fine, but they don't go for this riotin' and stuff. They think it is Communist-inspired, like I do."

I explained to Bob Kimbrough the purpose of my visit and confessed the almost masochistic desire to return which I have nurtured for eight years. He grinned and ran his hand through his hair. "You got nothin' to worry about." he said. "Some of our oldtimers have died, some have moved away, and others have grown up—you'll find the men real friendly. And, if you want the views of veterans, you've come to the right place. We got about eight hundred men in this post alone. There's another eight hundred in Howard Thomas Post 315, there's about two hundred fifty in the colored post, although we got colored members, too, and there's about a hundred ladies in the Molly Pitcher post. The VFW probably has around three hundred and there are about two hundred fifty Amvets. We got about fifty vets out of Vietnam so far, but they're not active. You take tonight—we've got a meeting and the young boys have a baseball game. They'll go to the baseball game and won't get by here until later. You know, they're young and unsettled when they first get back from Vietnam. When they get older and get kids, they'll come around."

I said that Richmond seemed to have a large number of active veterans.

"Well, I think it's because of Earlham College over there"—over there is west, across the Whitewater River, which divides the town. "There's a lot of folks think some Communists got in there a few years back and were going to cause trouble and they joined the Legion to help oppose them. Now, Earlham College is a fine school and a credit to this town, and 95 percent of the students and faculty are good people. But there was a lot of people who believed some Communist influences were at work. It just takes a few to stir up trouble. Here, let me read you something."

He picked from the table two copies of a one-page flyer, handed one to me, and read aloud from the other:

> In May of 1919, at Dusseldorf, Germany, the Allied Forces obtained a copy of some of the "Communist Rules for Revolution." Nearly 50 years later, the Reds are still following these rules. As you read the list, stop after each item—think about the present day situation where you live—and all around our nation. We quote from the Red Rules—
>
> A. Corrupt the young; get them away from religion. Get them interested in sex. Make them superficial; destroy their ruggedness.
>
> B. Get control of all means of publicity, thereby
>
> 1. Get people's minds off their government by focusing their attention on athletics, sexy books and plays and other trivialities.
>
> 2. Divide the people into hostile groups by constantly harping on controversial matters of no importance.
>
> 3. Destroy the people's faith in their natural leaders by holding the latter up to contempt, ridicule and obloquy.
>
> 4. Always preach true democracy, but seize power as fast and as ruthlessly as possible.
>
> 5. By encouraging governmental extravagance, destroy its credit, produce fear of inflation with rising prices and general discontent.
>
> 6. Forment [sic] unnecessary strikes in vital industries, encourage civil disorders and foster a lenient and soft attitude on the part of government toward such disorders.
>
> 7. By spacious [sic] argument, cause the breakdown of the old mortal [sic] virtues, honesty, sobriety, continence, faith in the pledged word and ruggedness.
>
> C. Cause the registration of all firearms on some pretext, with a view to confiscation of them and leaving the population helpless.

I was to see these "Communist Rules for Revolution" in town after town, in newspaper after newspaper, and even when they had been exposed as a hoax by no less a

Tory than James J. Kilpatrick, the columnist, they continued to circulate widely.

"We've reprinted them and have been passin' them out all around town," Bob Kimbrough said. "The young people should be educated as to what to look for, especially the trickery that Communism represents. And I think we have to take a stand against Communism everywhere we can. We have this undesirable thing in Vietnam. Should never have been there in the first place. The French tried it and didn't make it. But if only the force of arms can stop Communism, we have to use force of arms. You can't back down or they'll take more and more.

"This is why we have to promote Americanism. We try to get to the young with things like baseball, even though it costs us about $3,000 a year, oratorical awards, essays, Boys State, Boy Scout troops, things like that. Last year we got American flags put on the sleeves of all the athletes in the school. We had to put a little pressure on the school officials to get it done but we did it."

Did the kids object?

"Heck, no. They're proud. We also donated flags to the fire department and the mounted patrols. We haven't got to Earlham College yet but we want to get flags on their athletes, too. You see, we got these demonstrations and riots because the Communists are trying to use the kids, but if we wake up we can handle them. I'll tell you—the old Yank sits around on his butt until he gets pushed into the corner and then he comes out swingin'. Just like Pearl Harbor. Sure, we had trouble lately at the colleges and the colored folks have been actin' up. Eleanor Roosevelt started that when she went to England and posed with the colored boys. But I can't blame them because I think every American ought to have equality. It's just that you can't expect a miracle overnight. You can't push a man into changin' his ways just like that"—he snapped his fingers.

What do you think happened in the last decade that most contributed to change in the country?

"Money," he said instantly. "Money. We've all done so much better that we could give the kids what they want and we've spoiled them. They don't have to work and a dollar isn't something you have to sweat for. You just—why, you just ask for it. Things were bad when I was a

kid. My dad worked for the railroad company and was gettin' laid off twice a year. He would pick up odd jobs where he could, but I know at Christmastime he would get Carpenter Ripley's children to take sticks and put numbers on them and sell the sticks at ten cents apiece and raffle off his shotgun, enough to raise money to buy us—my sister and my brother and I—Christmas. One year he did the same thing and raffled off my mother's ring, that he had given her when they got married, to buy Christmas for us children. My children haven't known times like those. I have tried not to give them everything. I have tried to make them know the value of a dollar. I'm real proud because my children have all worked—we would give them an allowance or we would make them work for money, for things they've wanted. They want more money, we give them another chore. I'd have to admit, though, my children are probably spoiled, like everyone else. No matter how hard you try, when one of those kids pucker up and want something, you're going to give it to them, especially the girls; they could sure get by Dad."

We were joined by Jack McGill, fifty-one, a past commander of the post. "What bothers me about the kids," he said, "is they got no respect. Why, my father used to demand that I call older men 'Mr.' and older ladies 'Mrs.' But the kids today, you're lucky if they say 'Hey' to you."

What about patriotism? I asked. You felt you were expressing your patriotism when you went into the service and to war. What does patriotism mean to you today.

Jack McGill answered first. "To me patriotism means that no matter which way you voted, you go and support the man who is elected as the majority of the people wanted."

"I agree with that," Kimbrough said. "We've got elections, and a way of government that has come about after lots of trial and error, and I think if you're going to be patriotic, you have to support that system. Too many kids have stopped supportin' the government and too many have gotten away from the church. The American Legion was founded on the slogan 'For God and country.' This country was founded upon religion, and too many parents have let their children get away from religion. 'Course I think it's a known fact that the Communist elements are trying to infiltrate the churches, just like they have the racial incidents and the media. . . ."

Where do you get your news? I interrupted.

"I get mine mostly from the newspaper," McGill answered. "I do very little reading otherwise. Now, you may not believe this, but the only time I have the TV on is when there's a ball game on or the news and weather. I turn it on just for them. Now, that's really a fact. I don't care for the media because it's plain missed the boat on the campus thing. Last fall my boy was going to college and there was a Dad's Weekend where you go down and spend the weekend and stay in the dorms. And on one night the different fraternities and the different wings of the dorms put on little skits, and they judged which was the best. The night I was down there, they had nine skits and you know seven of them were patriotic. Now, something like that never hits the newspaper. But if there had been six demonstrators marching down there with signs, it would have been in the newspapers. I think that if a demonstration goes on in this country, if there's something to demonstrate against, then we should be demonstrating against attorneys."

Attorneys?

"Yessir. They make the laws, and somewhere or the other they can twist them around any way they want to, they can just about get anybody off, no matter what kind of crime they've committed. I'd like to see us put all the attorneys right out in the middle of a big field and just march around and around them all day protesting and demonstrating and raising the devil with them for all the trouble they've caused."

Now there, I thought, is an idea that could get more people together than televised football games on Sunday, and I had begun to conjure up images in my mind of lawyers in New York whom I would enjoy seeing out there on Jack McGill's "big field" when the door to the basement office of the Harry Ray Post opened and four young men entered.

The Monday-night baseball game was over and the younger members, most of whom are "Viet vets," in their twenties, were coming by for a beer. They are working

now for the Post Office, but three have applied for jobs with the U.S. Immigration Service and want to serve in the border patrol. They seemed younger than their age —boyish, in fact, as Ed Miles had. They cracked jokes, bummed cigarettes from each other, and bought one round of beer after another for all of us sitting in the cramped little office; I thought of the troop train again. Wars seem to be fought only by boys. When I mused aloud, one of the new arrivals, the youngest, figured that "anybody who goes over there will come back either dead or a man, makes no difference how old he was when he went."

I asked them if their feelings about the war had changed since their return.

"If it was to protect my country, I'd go right back," one said. "I felt like I was doing something for my country. I told my father I'd go back if they declared war, if they actually meant business and would go in there and do their thing. But I wouldn't go now if you gave me a million dollars. All they're doing in there now is just playing. They're just draggin' it on and on and a lot of people keep losing their lives for nothing. I think we should fly up to Hanoi and blow hell out of the place if you want to know the truth. You're goin' to kill women and children but that's the only way to get the Communists. Sure, if they'd do that, I'd go back in. I guess I'm some kind of patriotic fool but I'd do it."

"I'm a strict Communist hater," another said. "I've never agreed with anything they do or anything I've heard they do. I definitely feel we were fightin' for freedom in Vietnam. That's why I joined the American Legion. I haven't noticed too many young guys really wantin' to get into this any more. It seems like to them it's a bunch of old fogies and stuff like that." The others laughed. He looked somewhat embarrassed and said, "I don't mean you, Mr. Kimbrough. But no kiddin', that's the way a lot of the young guys think. We could bring them in if the Legion could do more as far as fightin' these college demonstrations the Communists are fomentin'. Anybody who wants to say something against the way the country's bein' operated right now, there's no place to go to actually voice an opinion except the Legion."

Did any of you have any doubts while you were in Vietnam?

The youngest man spoke. "I had lots of doubts. I was in the infantry and I fought among the South Vietnamese people. I found out they didn't no more care whether they had Communism or not. As far as they're concerned, they can go either way. If the American troops are with them, they're for the American troops. When the American troops are gone, they're going to help the Viet Cong as much as they can. All they care about is living."

Do you think we're justified in being there?

"As far as fighting Communism, yes," he answered. "As far as helping the South Vietnamese, no."

"I think we'd do more good in fighting the Communists at home," the first one said. "Dissent is all right, but rioting and burning and looting and shit like that, that's got to stop. I think the American people have taken it for so long, and the time's come, if it hasn't already started, for the silent majority, so called, to take action. And when they do, things are going to get tough."

Do you consider yourself a member of the silent majority?

"I don't think we're too silent tonight." Again there was laughter. One veteran said: "It's time to speak up. I'm worried that the young people will cause such an uprising that the whole United States will be mass confusion, open for any country to take over."

"I don't agree with that. If it really came down to a fight or lose your country, I think there would be a lot of people that would turn into Americans. I mean even the people who are called dissenters and rioters would wake up."

What do you think about the fellows who have gone to Canada to avoid the draft?

"I think they ought to shoot every damn one of them that tries to come back."

What about Mylai?

"I don't believe it happened," one young man said.

"I don't either," Jack McGill said. "I was in the Philippines in World War II and I've seen the time you could hardly see the difference in the enemy and the people on your side. And, when there was any doubt, I was ready to see that I got out alive."

"It might have happened," the youngest veteran said. "I mean, you can't tell a North Vietnamese from a South Vietnamese. There's no way. And you can sit there and drink with them all day and they'll kill you at night while you sleep and . . ."

"And that first shot that's fired," someone interrupted. "Everybody's scared, regardless of what they say, they're scared when they go in and that first shot comes at them. And everybody starts shootin' because the only way to keep from gettin' killed themselves is to wipe out everybody they can."

"What bothered me is that our attacks were from under bushes and trees," said a veteran of the air force. "You never seen any of them. You just fired. Shoot down towards the ground and hope you caught somebody. I never seen one dude in a fire fight in a whole year."

A year?

"Yep, and I was in lots of fights. We made contact on every mission we went on during the first six months I was over there. I fired a lot of rounds—I just kept firing away—but I never seen one dude."

There was a long silence. We drifted into banter. Bob Kimbrough offered to buy another round of beer but we all declined; the little office was smoky, it was past midnight and time to leave. One of the young men asked me what I thought about Richmond. I said, "Well, I had a different experience tonight from my first visit," and told them the story of my appearance in 1962. They laughed and one said: "Lots of changes since then. Did you hear about the biggest thing that's happened to Richmond recently?"

No.

"*Playboy* magazine selected one of our girls as Playmate of the Month. Sold out every copy in town. Somebody said we oughta put up a statue to her out there in the park right beside that pioneer mother. Said they was examples of America before and after."

The next day I drove across the Whitewater River to Earlham College, a Quaker school whose espousal of social reform goes back to the 1830s. The paradox intrigued me: a college with a large pacifist constituency

thriving in a Midwestern community with almost two thousand Legionnaires. Not long ago, a Legionnaire had said, several students from Earlham obtained a permit to demonstrate in opposition to the Vietnam war. Angry citizens besieged City Hall, one man advising the mayor "to recall that permit because those people aren't coming across that bridge." According to my informant, the mayor obliged, restoring the uneasy truce that governs the relationship between Earlham and Richmond.

But Bob Kimbrough had also said that "95 percent of the students and faculty are good people," specifically placing in this category the name of Dr. Elton Trueblood, a professor of philosophy at Earlham. It was a familiar name to me. Many years ago, in a comparative-religion course at the University of Texas, I had been strongly influenced by *The Predicament of Modern Man,* which Dr. Trueblood had written in 1944 while teaching at Stanford University. Against the backdrop of World War II he argued that ". . . our wisdom about ends does not match our ingenuity about means, and this situation, if it continues, may be sufficient to destroy us. . . . Our predicament is a commentary . . . on the human inability to employ both scientific knowledge and technical achievement to bring about the good life and the good society."* Dr. Trueblood subsequently wrote twenty-seven other books which have made him perhaps the most popular Quaker writer in the country. We had talked once, in Washington, when he had visited the White House, but I had not seen or heard from him in five years. There was now a Quaker President in Washington, with whom I understood Dr. Trueblood had been good friends, and I was curious to know if the Quaker philosopher believed the Quaker President's religion affected his conduct in public office.

He greeted me in his study, a large walnut-paneled room, of brick Georgian design, set adjacent to a small wooded sanctuary on the edge of the English park that is Earlham's campus. The room is flawlessly decorated, the centerpiece an old clock that has been running for eighty years without repair. On the wall hang autographed portraits of Dwight D. Eisenhower, Richard Nixon, and

* *The Predicament of Modern Man,* Harper & Brothers, 1944.

Herbert Hoover, the other Quaker who made it to the White House. Dr. Trueblood is seventy now. His hair has whitened considerably since I last saw him, but his bespectacled eyes still move quickly, his voice retains the vibrancy of a much younger man, and his hands gesture intensely as he speaks.

As he showed me the three photographs on the wall I asked him about President Nixon's Quaker antecedents.

"For one thing his grandparents lived on the Muscatatuck River about a hundred miles south of here. If you saw the movie *Friendly Persuasion,* the heroine in there is based on Nixon's grandmother. In that movie the Southern army—Morgan's Raiders—crossed the Ohio and came up through the Quaker settlements, and my grandmother fed the soldiers in her kitchen, and Richard Nixon's grandmother did, too. The first Quaker settlers who came to this country were stubborn people, very stubborn and independent, like the President. Nixon, you see, represents what would be called the evangelical core of Quakers. There is a fringe that has become merely activist without any real faith, any theology, but nearly all of the California Quakers, where Nixon's parents lived, remain in the evangelical core. I know many of those people personally, including some of the President's relatives. They are absolutely the salt of the earth, the backbone of the Whittier community. Nixon's mother had a deep influence on him, of course. She wanted him to be a conscientious objector. There was Pearl Harbor and all the struggle within him and he decided to go into the navy because it was the lesser of the evils. She cried. She was hurt very much, but she sent her blessing. She was a delightful and very deep Christian mother who taught him the wisdom of serenity. She was herself a very serene person. I think he learned very early the need to be quiet. To listen. You know how he is reported to spend a great deal of time alone."

What about the worship services in the White House? Isn't that a rather public kind—

"I'll tell you. Some of the Friends meeting around Washington are Quakers who are on the fringe. Nixon would not recognize them as valid adherents because they have become mere social activists. They are more political than religious, and the President wouldn't feel comfortable in their meetings."

Some of the most effective social-protest movements have grown out of a special religious conviction. John Wesley—

"Exactly so. If you have mere pietism, it grows stale. But if you have mere social action without the roots of tradition, it becomes bitter. I personally think the President is a man of deep personal beliefs, which is why he doesn't like the Quaker meetings in Washington that are just political."

Is there any special relationship between Quakerism and anti-Communism? I'm thinking now of the President's early political life.

"Certainly the Communist system with its insistence on violence and denial of freedom is repugnant to us. There's a kind of leftist mentality that gets into this. I'll admit that some Quakers have been a little soft on Communism. Even Alger Hiss had Quaker connections. It was the funniest thing; those three men all had Quaker connections: Hiss, Nixon, and Chambers. Nixon found out Hiss was lying. And oh, was this hard on the leftists. They've hated Nixon ever since. He ferreted out their fair-haired boy, you see. They never will forgive him. So these people who set the style for the Washington *Post* and the *New York Times,* who are all a little left of center, they just automatically hate him. Then they find the reasons later. I was glad about Agnew because he had the courage to tell the truth and to point out bias where it existed, and because he spoke for the people who have no spokesman. You see, those other people, the ones who are stirring up all of the trouble, have monopolized the media. After all, if you take NBC and CBS you have most of the country and they have it all their way. I'm glad, I suppose, that television was invented—I'm not sure—but I know that it is intrinsically sensational. It fragments the truth. You never see the nuances; you only see one thing. But the truth is always more than one thing. My wife is pretty but she is also smart. But if you take a picture of her you know she is pretty but you don't know that she is also smart. So Agnew was right about the media. I was disappointed when he was selected for Vice President. I think now it was a brilliant choice."

Dr. Trueblood rose and picked up from his desk an article he had written on campus demonstrations. I read it and said: "This is a very strong statement."

"Yes," he said, "I know it."

What was your reaction to Kent State?

"I was sad that four people were killed, but of course the student population all over the country vastly overreacted."

Do you think they overreacted more than Middle Americans have overreacted to campus troubles?

"That isn't the issue. The students were not honest enough to admit that the students were the aggressors."

The aggressors?

"Yes, sir. The aggressors. They were practically trying to kill the National Guard. Throwing pieces of cement with spikes in them. That's lethal. The kids have the devil theory, you see. So they made the National Guard into the devil."

The devil theory cuts both ways, I suggested. Isn't it possible that many people have made all students into devils?

"What you have to keep in mind is all this denunciation, this attack, this scorching opposition. It's the victory of the judgmental spirit, it's totally irrational, and it's created a very strong response from ordinary people. The kids are saying that to be moral today you only have to be against racism, against poverty, against pollution, and against war —and you are moral, whether or not you are faithful to your wife or pay your debts. They are guilty of the most bifurcated moralism I have ever heard of in my life. In fact, there is too much moralism and not enough morality. That's one reason the kids don't laugh any more—they take themselves too seriously. Why, even *The New Yorker* isn't funny any more."

But how are we going to heal this cleavage between the generations?

"Part of it is to let them grow a little."

That puts all the burden on them.

"But the answer is not to be permissive. The one thing that annoys me is to hear someone say, 'But we've got to hear what they are trying to say.' I've heard that until I'm nauseated. I know what they are trying to say, and some of those things are nice things, but I am unalterably

opposed to the cult of irrationalism which expresses itself by shouting. Everybody is so busy shouting at everyone else that he's forgotten how to laugh. Don't you think that is obvious?"

It is obvious that you and the President share more in common than the Quaker faith.

Elton Trueblood laughed and said, "Let's go to dinner. Mrs. Trueblood wants you to join us." We walked to their apartment, a few yards from the study. Before dinner he said, "I presume you still adhere to the tenets of the New Testament?"

That has been the subject of much discussion, I replied, but my mother still prays that I do.

"Well, this evening we shall see to it that her prayers are answered." He opened his Bible to I Timothy 5:23 and read aloud: "Drink no longer water, but use a little wine for thy stomach's sake and thine often infirmities."

And in the manner of old we proceeded to interpret the scriptures literally. I felt better immediately.

Yellow Springs, Ohio

Two hours from Dr. Trueblood's study is Antioch College, where his views of American students would probably be received with all the alacrity of the SDS listening to a speech by Strom Thurmond.

Antioch College has long been a magnet for nonconformity. Here, among the incongruous pastoral scenes of rural Ohio, on a campus of fewer than two thousand students, with an endowment of less than $6 million, the ideas of progressive education found succor on audacious minds. While other schools administered true-false final exams and sought vicarious glory on Saturday afternoons, there flourished at Antioch College the concept of a student directing his own studies; of full participation by students and faculty in the choice of rules and regulations;